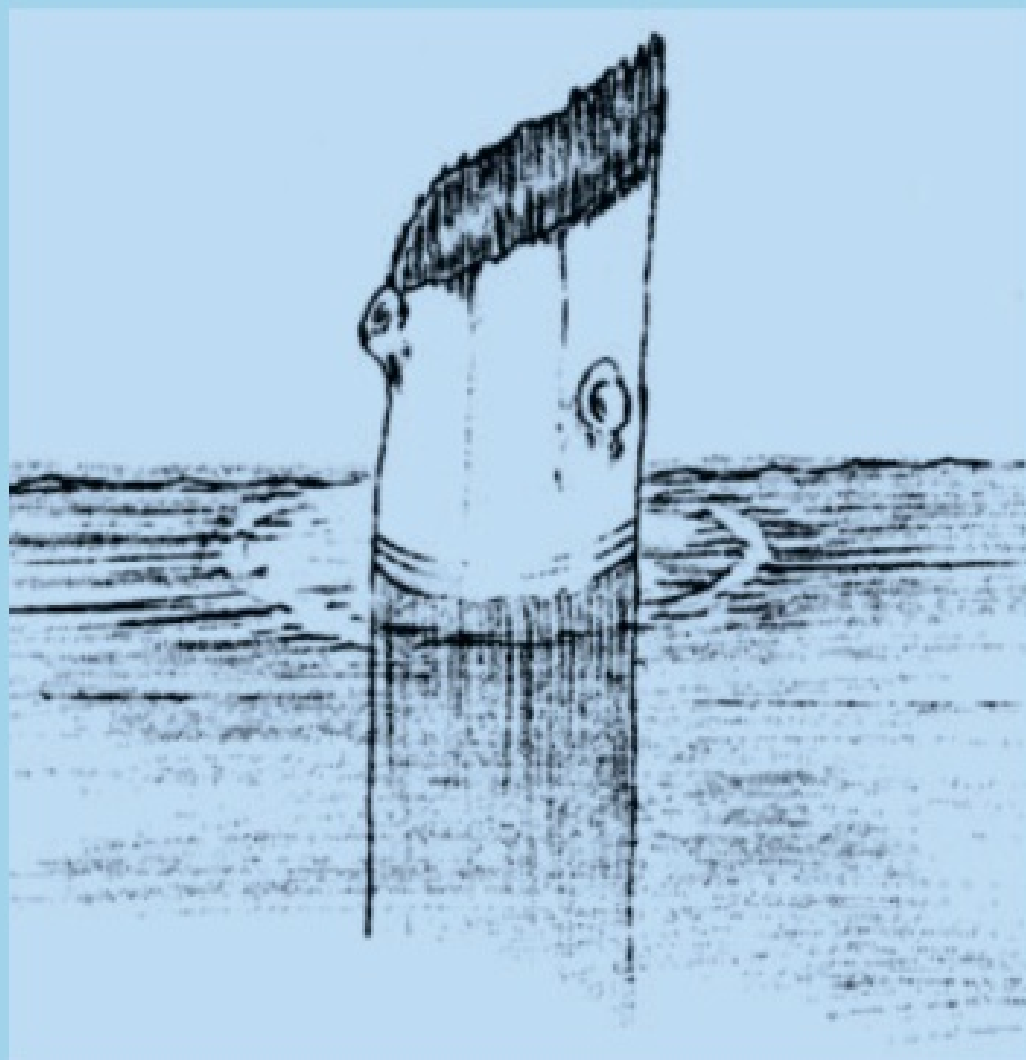


Sr.

Nathan Anderson



# Sr.

by

**Nathan Anderson**



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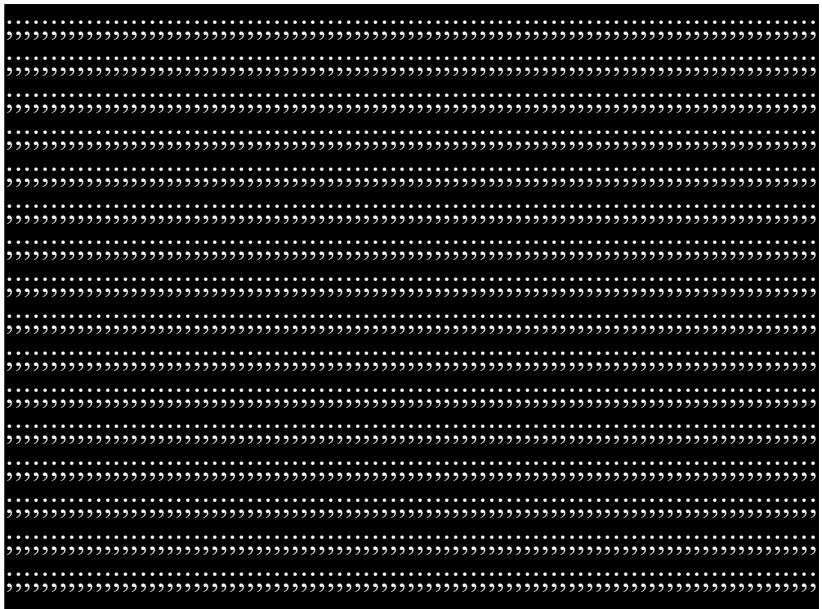
this, will, this, smoke, I, went, for, a, walk, in, the, dunes, didn't, you, see, the, crown, of, my

head, from the top of your mind.

.....

conclusion, is this, with me,

.....please;.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....again;.....  
.....again;.....  
.....again;.....  
.....  
.....please;.....  
.....  
.....walk;.....  
.....with;.....  
.....  
.....me.....  
.....  
.....

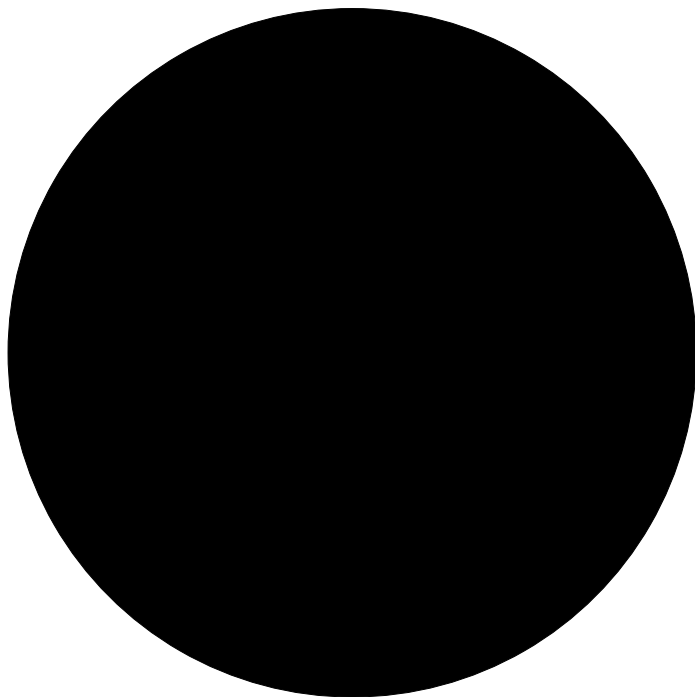




now the inverse of this is

the boatman hesitates too long  
the sign on the outside says  
'conclusion'  
i am on the concrete  
and made of tired ligaments  
what a line in the sand  
and a salt dish to bring  
about apocalyptic numbers  
what a way to speak  
when heard in tired sunrise  
sadhu will you eat the bread  
no?  
no  
no?  
only this will cure the city  
of its need for embellishment  
but only song  
will  
tell

see the way  
the circle  
is  
reshaped



see the way it has no ears

[illegible]

the ripped and torn thing

comes huddled down the streets

without lip service paying mind to alphabetics

cosy in an unspent way

cold to the touch and closing

a felt and tired thing

given superficial liability

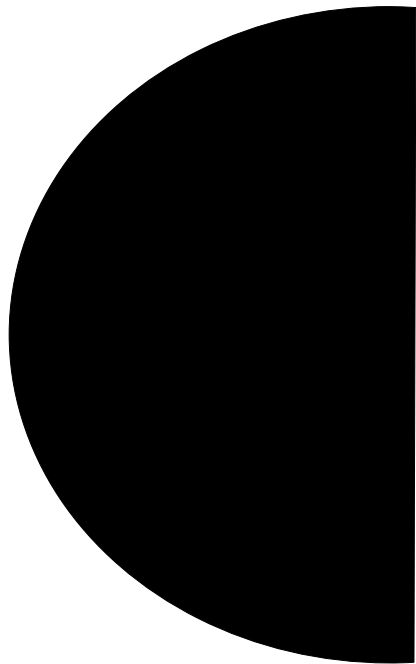
not a special treat but a blast

the tower has toppled over

the swing has been broken

the radio is out of service

the skull has been retouched



[illegible]

SAID: 'where are you coming?'

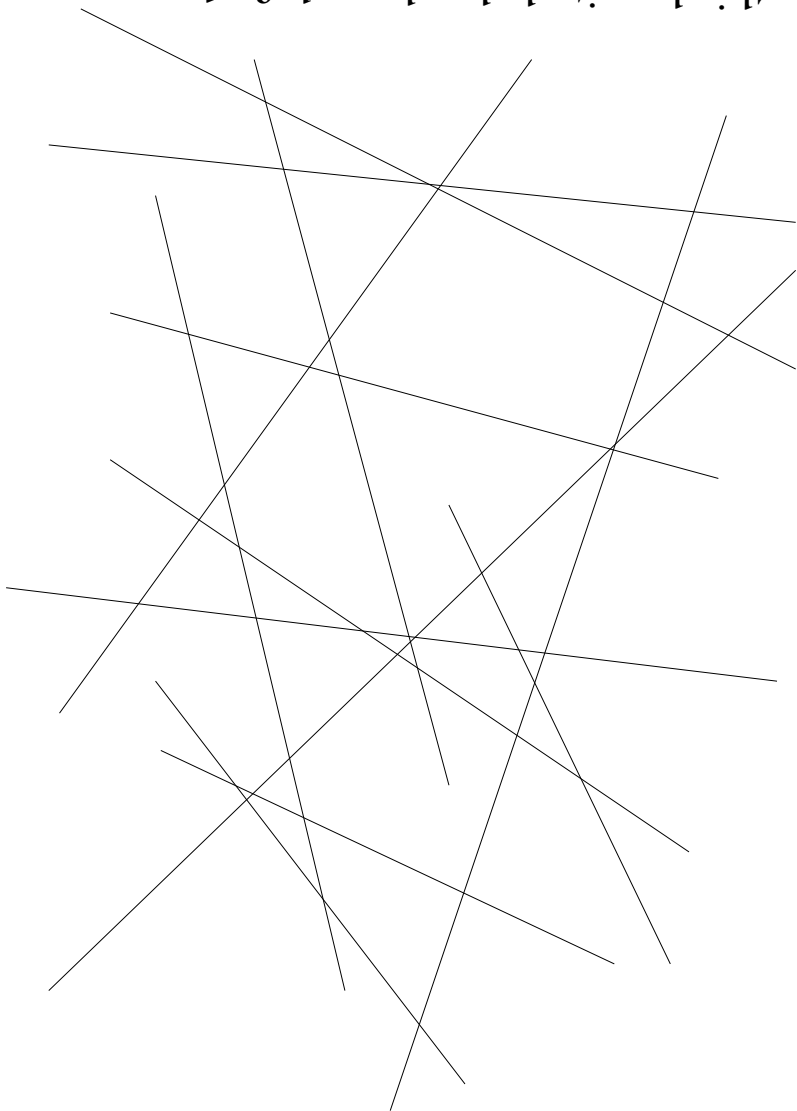
ZA

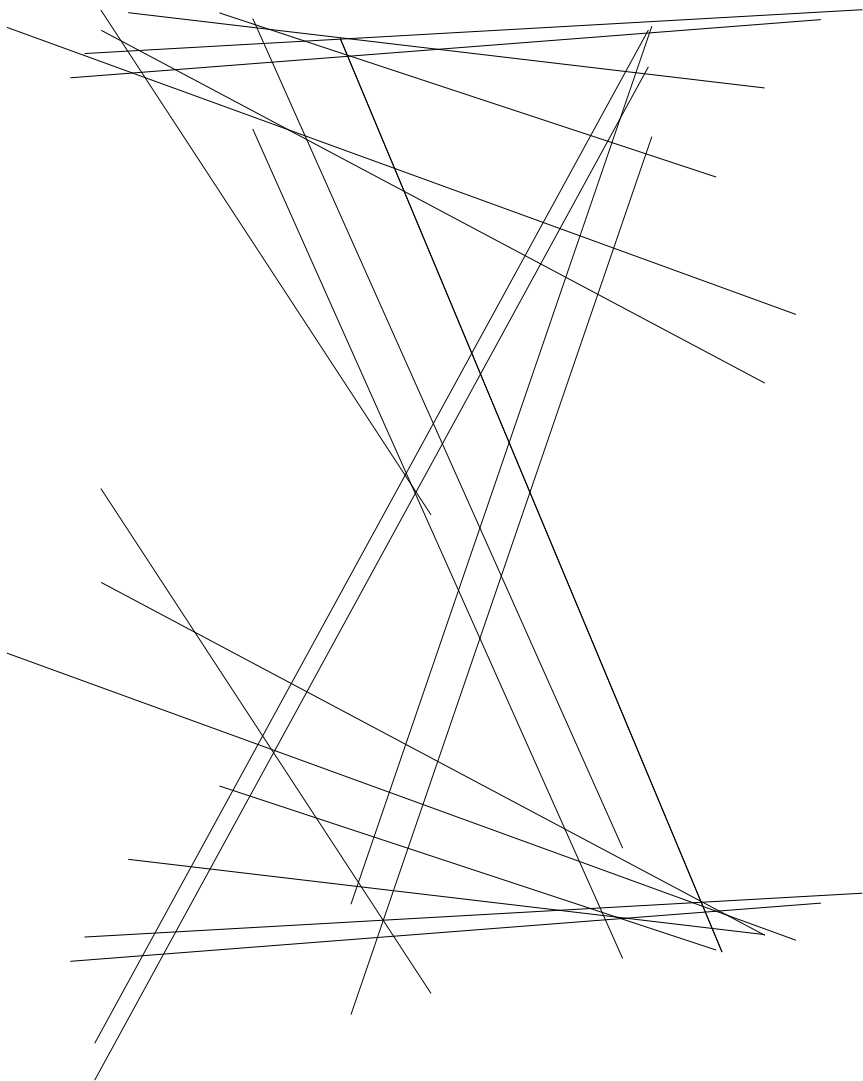
SAID: 'where are you leaving?'

ZA

*the explanation is  
in...*

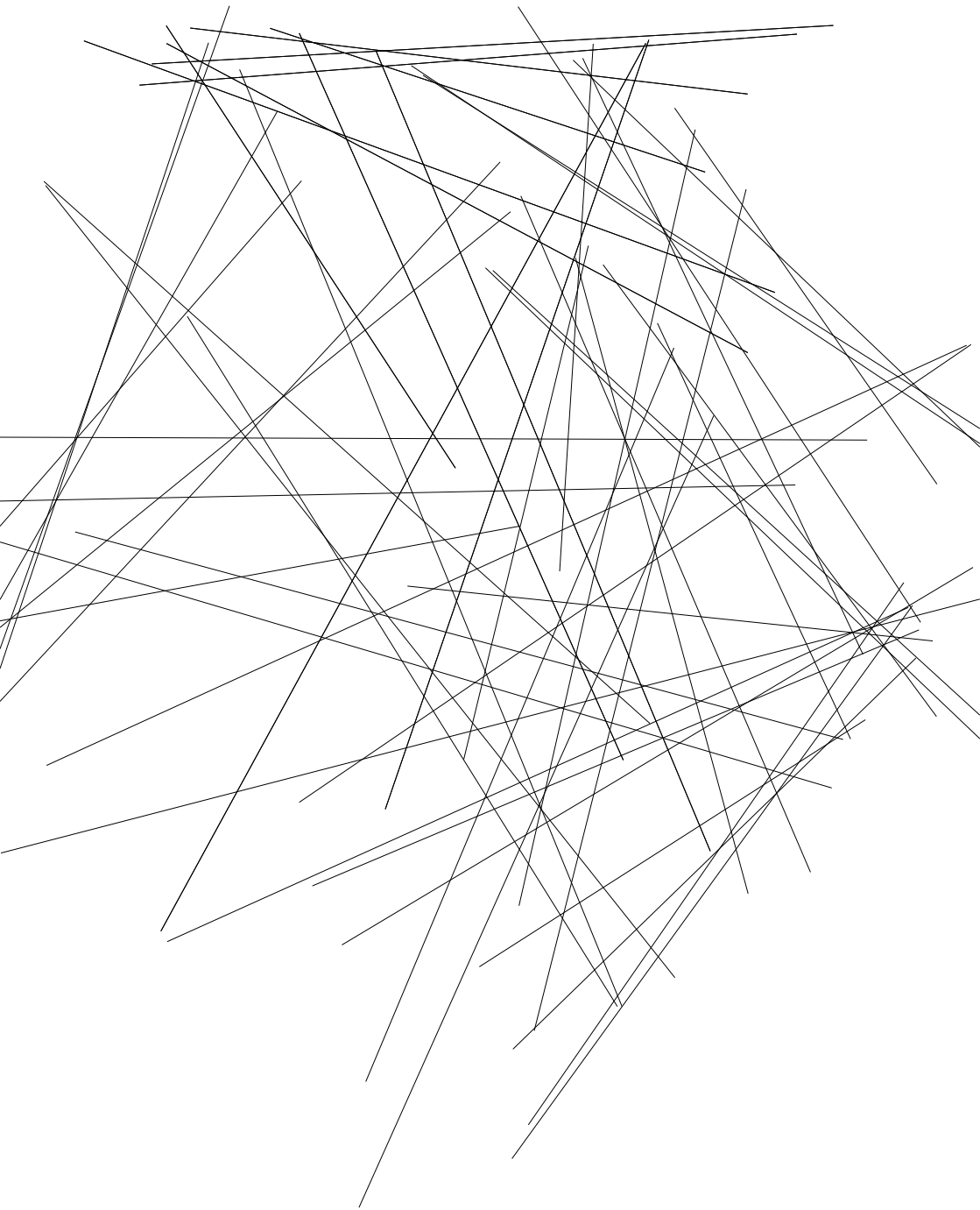
this longitude has been left alone





this longitude has been left alone





left

alone

left alone

the total lack of sleep is, a cause, and, a contusion, that's, the way

that was always the way

Nathan Anderson is a poet from Mongarlowe, Australia. He is the author of numerous books and has had work appear widely both online and in print. He is a member of the C22 experimental writing collective.

Website: [nathanandersonwriting.home.blog](http://nathanandersonwriting.home.blog)

Twitter: @NJApoetry